

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1994



Cupid's arrow strikes hearts

Editor's note: We asked our readers to share their love stories in celebration of St. Valentine's Day. Here's what we received:

Linda Berndt of Farmington Hills: "If I were a romance novelist, I wouldn't write a throbbing tempest featuring an over-muscled, scantily clad he-man wielding a bowie knife in his loincloth. I would rather focus on the endangered species of the male genre: a loving, supportive husband and father."

He would never be too self-absorbed to refuse a game of Old Maid with his 4-year-old daughter, never too busy to bring home a gallon of milk (Ding Dong, too) and is hard-working enough to enable the mother of his children to stay at home and raise them. He loves ordering pizza on the weekend so no one has to do dishes, and can apply nail polish to his little girl's toes just as skillfully as he challenges his son at Nintendo. He gives great back rubs, encourages his wife to continue her education, and likes all the wallpaper she chooses. His love for his family takes priority over everything else that he undertakes.

No, I would not write romance stories about a vain, steel-bodied, intangible fantasy man. I'd simply write about my husband."

Richard Kuas, a Farmington Hills resident, submitted three poems from his recently completed memorial manuscript to his deceased wife, Kathleen Ann. The following poem is titled, "Seasons of Our Love."

"In the seasons of our Love
we only lived into the late Summer.
The peaceful comfort
of fall and winter
will never, ever come to be.
Spring was just joyous
Full of fun and discovery
Of getting to know each other
so completely . . . so sincerely . . . so magically.
Summer was so satisfying
Building our life together with Amy
Knowing that Love is not a happening
but a chosen discipline.
Now, at late Summer
All too quickly
we are at our journey's end
All the amazing colors
Of the sun and moon fade away
and I am crying with you
at a garden half planted in my life."

Denise Bryngelson of Farmington Hills wrote:

A year ago I was watching the beginning of a TV show called, "Martin." The lead actor, a comedian, was talking into the camera about the first girl he ever kissed. Was I ever surprised when the phone rang and it turned out to be my friend David, the first boy I ever kissed? We were 5. It happened up in the willow tree in front of his house. His dad was pastor at our church. A few years later, his father got a call to a parish in Illinois. David and I were 8 when he moved away. When I got the call from David last year, it was the first time we had talked to each other in 19 years.

He lives in Dallas now and had been up to Michigan for a relative's wedding. He saw my picture in the church directory and gave me a call when he got back home. In August of last year, I had a chance to visit my brother in Santa Fe. At the last minute I decided to call David and see if we could arrange to meet and have lunch in Albuquerque. We did, and since it was near my birthday, he wrote and drew for me a beautiful children's story about two dogs, best buddies, who are separated and then brought back together by friendship.

We still keep in touch and he will always hold a special place in my heart as "the first boy I ever kissed."

Judith Thompson-Merrill, a Farmington area resident, wrote:

"On Aug. 2, 1992, I placed an ad in the Detroit News Companion Corner. The following Thursday about a dozen letters arrived at my home in response. One was especially attractive to me because the writer had a Lab. I have a Lab and a Calico cat that I love dearly, and another animal lover was really important to me. Of course, the writer had many other wonderful attributes that interested me. When I called him to set up a meeting, we had a lengthy, animated conversation."

On Sunday, Aug. 8, a wonderful gentleman arrived in my driveway on a Honda Goldwing Motorcycle. I was hesitant, but went anyway. Not love at first sight, but love on the first date. After a very chatty breakfast we walked hand in hand in a local park. The relationship flourished

See LOVE, 3C



Another character: Judy Kulchar of Livonia recites her lines while playing a character from "Steel Magnolias."

Coming soon

Live theater in your neighborhood



Performers of Parlour Theatre Productions will take their act just about anywhere. A Farmington Hills couple began flirting with theater in their teens and years later began the traveling production company.

BY DIANE GALE
STAFF WRITER

If you enjoy live theater but hesitate to patronize fine area companies because it seems you have to drive a long way to see a production, sit back and relax. Parlour Theatre Productions will bring the stage to you.

The traveling theater company delivers the stage, set and performers to retirement centers, church or civic group gatherings, dinner theaters and just about anywhere you can imagine.

"We can go into a fairly small area," said PTP founder Ed Meade of Farmington Hills.

"Our purpose is to make drama available at your convenience, which means that we bring the stage to you," a PTP brochure said. "We believe that whatever your mood, the stage is the ideal way to amuse, enlighten, move, challenge or maybe bring a tear. Comedy and tragedy often go hand-in-hand in the theater, while the best of both worlds are brought to you in a little of both."

Love blooms

Meade came up with the idea for PTP after a lifetime fascination with the theater. In fact, he met his wife while both were performing in a high school production in 1947.

They continued flirting with theater through college at Eastern Michigan University. They also performed in musical variety shows with the St. Damian's Singers and Players in Garden City and an Indian Village theater group in Detroit. Meade said.

And when they retired they decided to continue their passion for theater by starting PTP. Jeannine is retired from National Bank of Detroit.

Meade comes to the task as a retired music and drama teacher from Dearborn Heights. He also has a traveling chorus, Voices in Time, which has been running about 14 years under various names.

Group flourishes

One year after their first performance with PTP, Meade said, the group goes most often in retirement centers. "Older people still like theater, but they don't have a chance to get out much," Meade said. "So we bring it into them."

PTP recently had a well-received performance at a Botsford Inn in Farmington. Meade said, adding that he is working with Botsford management to bring PTP there on a regular basis.

The annual charge is \$150 for each performance, which lasts about two hours. Meade said PTP just about breaks even when con-



Players practice: Parlour Theatre Production players practicing their lines for "Steel Magnolias" are Judy Kulchar of Livonia; Barb Barden of Ann Arbor; Pam Roney of Northville; and Jeannine Meade of Farmington Hills. Maggie Malone and Carol Case, both of Ann Arbor, stand nearby.

sidering costs. "Actually we're just getting out of the red," he said. "We try to meet the performers' expenses."

Expanding repertoire

Currently, PTP performs "Bedroom Farce," a British comedy by Alan Ayckbourn. The story is about three "happily married" couples who find their relationships crumbling while they cope with a fourth husband and wife who are trying to communicate.

"My wife and I saw this show in New York and it was very funny," Meade said.

PTP recently added to the repertoire "Steel Magnolias," a story involving six women and their

various life experiences.

Meade said he plans to bring in another show that involves primarily men this spring. The company performs two to four times monthly.

Everyone (PTP performers)

works (and this gives) them a chance to do theater and it's not too time-consuming," Meade said.

The performers come to the company with varied backgrounds including work in film, at the Attle Theatre in Detroit and with area community theater groups. The performers live in Farmington Hills, Livonia, Garden City, Ann Arbor, Detroit and Northville.

For more information about PTP, call Meade at (313) 477-5540.

Memories are alive 50 years after WWII

BY DIANE HANSON
SPECIAL WRITER

February 1944 was an important, busy month for the 95th Bomb Group. The war in Europe was escalating and the Germans had to be stopped.

"That's when the maximum effort by the Eighth Air Force and the (British) Air Force was trying to, once and for all, eliminate the German air power because D-Day was coming up on June the sixth of that year," said Edward Lane, former B-17 navigator for the 95th Bomb Group.

"If they didn't have control of the skies, it

■ 'If they didn't have control of the skies, it would be a catastrophe, more so than it was. There would have been a lot more people killed than were.'

would be a catastrophe, more so than it was. There would have been a lot more people killed than were."

Some historians believe the efforts of the Eighth Air Force on March 4, 1944, assured the eventual defeat of Hitler's Germany. That day marked the first daylight bombing raid of heavily-guarded Berlin, the "Big B."

Ed Lane was among those flying toward the Nazi Nerve Center that day when a recall of all bombers brought his aircraft and most others

Edward Lane

See MEMORIES, 2C